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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Song.

O maiden with the pale blue eyes,  
Thy heart is like a shining rill,  
That, wrapped in Winter's icy guise,  
Lies bound in slumbers deep and chill;  
Yet thou art one to idolize!

For, fast enchained by magic spells,  
Beneath the cold and wintry sky,  
Deep hid within their frozen cells,  
The self-same ripples folded lie  
That sparkle in the Summer dells.

And ah! my fancy fondly tells  
That, far within thy cold heart-deeps,  
Where yet no germ of pity swells,  
The golden light of promise sleeps;  
The warmth of hidden passion dwells.

The meadows bloom 'neath April skies;  
The flowers spring up to meet the rain;  
When will the love I long for rise?  
Have all my tears been shed in vain,  
O maiden with the pale blue eyes?

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## Mozart's Letters.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A COMPOSER.

From the Evening Post.

Jahn, Nissen and other German writers have given to the world biographies of Mozart, in which they have made extracts from his letters, as far as, in their opinion, they would interest the public; but another writer, Ludwig Nohl, of Munich, has shown his admiration of the great musician by forming a complete collection of the letters and publishing them entire. The work was translated into English by Lady Wallace, whose translations of Mendelssohn's letters have made the musical world so well acquainted with the personal history of that composer; and an American reprint comes to us from the press of Hurd and Houghton, under the title, "The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1769-1791), translated from the collection of Ludwig Nohl by Lady Wallace, with a portrait and facsimile; in two volumes."

The letters are arranged chronologically, the first being dated at Salzburg, in 1769, when the writer was thirteen years of age. It contains a long Latin sentence. The second is dated at Verona, in January, 1770, written half in German and half in Italian, to his sister. We next find Mozart at Milan, whence he writes gossipy criticisms on the operas he sees, and shows an occasional play of humor, saying, for instance: "I know nothing new excepting that Herr Gellert, the Leipzig poet, is dead, and has written no more poetry since his death." To be sure, Mozart's letters during his younger years are very gay and cheerful, but they do not show much real wit. He is thoughtlessly intolerant of ugly women on the stage, and by no means insensible to the charms of a pretty ballet girl. Indeed, these letters are destitute of what is called literary merit, and it is safe to say that the only interest of about one half of them arises solely from the fact that they were written by Mozart; and even this fact fails to impart any interest to such trifles as this:

"MILAN, Carnival, Erchtag.  
"Many kisses to mamma and to you. I am fairly crazed with so much business, so I can't possibly write any more."

Another feature of the book, which only serves to increase its bulk, is the fact that all the letters

which Mozart wrote in Italian are given both in the original and in translation.

Most of letters at this period were written by young Mozart to his sister, mother and father. We give the following specimens:

"BOLOGNA, July 21, 1770.

"I wish mamma joy of her name-day, and hope that she may live for many hundred years to come, and retain good health, which I always ask of God, and pray to Him for you both every day. I cannot do honor to the occasion except with some Loretto bells, and wax tapers, and caps, and gauze when I return. In the mean time, good-bye, mamma. I kiss your hand a thousand times, and remain, till death, your attached son."

"MILAN, October 20, 1770.

"My dear Mamma: I cannot write much, for my fingers ache from writing out such a quantity of recitative. I hope you will pray for me that my opera ("Mitridate Rè di Ponto") may go off well, and that we soon may have a joyful meeting. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and have a great deal to say to my sister; but what? That is known only to God and myself. Please God, I hope soon to confide it to her verbally; in the meantime, I send her a thousand kisses. My compliments to all kind friends. We have lost our good Martherl, but we hope that by the mercy of God she is now in a state of blessedness."

The Mozart family, it is said, had sharp tongues, and used them vigorously. Wolfgang evidently inherited the family propensity for satire and ridicule, and in one of his letters thus describes one of his young pupils:

"Lately, at Stein's, he brought me a sonata of Becke's, but I think I already told you this. *Apropos*, as to his little girl, any one who can see and hear her play without laughing must be Stein [stone] like her father. She perches herself exactly opposite the treble, avoiding the centre, that she may have more room to throw herself about and make grimaces. She rolls her eyes and smirks; when a passage comes twice she always plays it slower the second time, and if three times, slower still. She raises her arms in playing a passage, and if it is to be played with emphasis she seems to give it with her elbows and not her fingers, as awkwardly and heavily as possible. The finest thing is, that if a passage occurs (which ought to flow like oil) where the fingers must necessarily be changed, she does not pay much heed to that, but lifts her hands, and quite coolly goes on again. This, moreover, puts her in a fair way to get hold of a wrong note, which often produces a curious effect. I only write this to give you some idea of piano-forte playing and teaching here, so that you may in turn derive some benefit from it. Herr Stein is quite infatuated about his daughter. She is eight years old, and learns everything by heart. She may one day be clever, for she has genius, but on this system she will never improve, nor will she ever acquire much velocity of finger, for her present method is sure to make her hand heavy. She will never master what is the most difficult and necessary, and, in fact the principal thing in music, namely, time."

At Mannheim he heard two organists, of whom he writes:

"They have two organists here; it would be worth while to come to Mannheim on purpose to hear them—which I had a famous opportunity of doing, as it is the custom here for the organist to play during the whole of the Benediculus. I heard the second organist first, and then the other. In my opinion the second is preferable to the first; for when I heard the former, I asked, 'Who is that playing on the organ?' 'Our second organist.' 'He plays miserably.' When the other began, I said, 'Who may that be?' 'Our first organist.' 'Why, he plays more miserably still.' I believe if they were pounded together, something even worse would be the result. It is enough to kill one with laughing to look at these gentlemen. The second at the organ is like a child trying to lift a millstone. You can see his anguish in his face. The first wears spectacles. I stood beside him at the organ and watched him with the intention of learning

something from him; at each note he lifts his hands entirely off the keys. What he believes to be his *forte* is to play in six parts, but he mostly makes fifths and octaves. He often chooses to dispense altogether with his right hand when there is not the slightest need to do so, and plays with the left alone; in short, he fancies that he can do as he will, and that he is a thorough master of his organ."

He is equally bitter on his brother composers:

"MANNHEIM, November 20, 1777.

"The gala began again yesterday [in honor of the Elector's name-day]. I went to hear the mass, which was a spick-and-span-new composition of Vogler's. Two days ago I was present at the rehearsal in the afternoon, but came away immediately after the *Kyrie*. I never in my life heard anything like it; there is often false harmony, and he rambles into the different keys as if he wished to drag you into them by the hair of your head; but it neither repays the trouble, nor does it possess any originality, but is only quite abrupt. I shall say nothing of the way in which he carries out his ideas. I only say that no mass of Vogler's can possibly please any composer who deserves the name. For example, I suddenly hear an idea which is not bad. Well, instead of remaining not bad, no doubt it soon becomes good? Not at all! it becomes not only bad, but very bad, and this in two or three different ways: namely, scarcely has the thought arisen when something else interferes to destroy it; or he does not finish it naturally, so that it may remain good; or it is not introduced in the right place; or it is finally ruined by bad instrumentation. Such is Vogler's music."

As time proceeds the character of Mozart's letters gradually changes. No longer a prodigy, he begins to experience the trials as well as the triumphs of a great musician's life. At Paris, notwithstanding his wide reputation, he is subjected to the insolence of rich patrons, and he writes an almost amusing description of a visit to a Duchess de Chabot, at whose house he was kept waiting in a large cold room while the guests, to whom he had been invited to play, were chatting away without paying the slightest attention to him.

In July, 1778, Mozart lost his mother, and describes her death in a really affecting manner. In the same letter he states that "the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has died miserably like a dog." For some time thereafter Mozart's letters are overlaid with complaints about the bad treatment he received from the Archbishop of Salzburg, and with rather unkind remarks about other persons. For instance, he says that Clementi is a good player of thirds, "but in all other respects he has not an atom of taste or feeling—all is mere mechanism."

Pecuniary affairs also trouble him, particularly as he intends to get married; and he also has a great deal of trouble with his future mother-in-law. At the same time he was the object of cabals and intrigues without number. His merit as a composer was criticized and his character assailed. It seems incredible that the great Mozart could have been sneered at by rivals and have been the victim of all the petty jealousies for which the members of the musical profession are unpleasantly noted. Yet such was the fact. The reading of his letters proves this. They also prove his strong domestic affections and a genial disposition, rendered somewhat irritable by troubles and annoyances. They prove a high religious tone of mind, marred by a tendency to fault-finding. They show the man as he was, with mixed virtues and faults, but hardly entitled to the eulogy of his biographer, who describes him as "a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, to whom it was given to link together the godlike in humanity, the mortal with the immortal—a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can efface,—a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the

the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity."

The incident of the "Last Requiem," which Mozart wrote believing it to be for himself, is familiar to all; but his last written words were also prophetic. They were at the close of a letter he wrote to his wife on the 14th of October, 1791, and were these:

"P. S.—Kiss Sophie for me. To Siesmag I send two good fillips on the nose, and a hearty pull at his hair. A thousand compliments to Stoll. Adieu! The hour strikes! Farewell! We shall meet again!"

The quotation is from the grand trio in the "Magic Flute."

### Beethoven's Letters.

"Beethoven,"\* says Schindler—as we are reminded by the Berlin *Echo*—(*Fami de Beethoven*, as he was fond of describing himself on his cards, after the composer's death), "was, in his political opinions, a republican, being more especially induced to be one by his genuinely artistic nature. Plato's *Republic* had become part and parcel of his very flesh and blood, and it was by such principles that he judged all the constitutions in the world. Thus he wanted everything to be arranged as Plato had prescribed. He lived in the firm belief that Napoleon intended nothing less than to republicanize France on such principles, and this—in his opinion—was the commencement of a state of universal happiness. Hence his enthusiastic veneration of Napoleon." Subjoined to the above is the well-known story of the paroxysm of indignation into which Beethoven was thrown on receiving the intelligence of Napoleon's coronation as Emperor, at the very moment Beethoven was about to dedicate the *Sinfonia Eroica* to him. In this relation of Schindler's the most interesting part probably is his statement that: Beethoven wanted to see everything arranged on the model of Plato's *Republic*, and regarded Napoleon as such a follower of Plato. Considering the lively interest which Beethoven took in general political events—his best years, too, agreed with the period of the French Republic—we should be compelled without more ado to doubt his sanity and at once to declare him cracked, if Plato's *Republic* with all its palpable absurdities had really and truly become "part and parcel of his very flesh and blood." In this sense we feel inclined to look upon Schindler's views as erroneous, an evil, by the way, with which we commonly meet when people of subordinate capacity publish their pictures of eminent men, and of men who even stand absolutely alone, as truthful ones. The matter, however, assumes a different aspect when Herr von Köchel seeks to cast doubt upon the gist of Schindler's story generally. A reason for this he finds in a letter of Beethoven's to the Arch-Duke Rudolph. He says, page 12:

"He" (Beethoven) "expressed enthusiastic delight when the Arch-Duke dedicated to him, as his master, his 'Pianoforte Variations' on a theme given him by Beethoven, and acknowledged himself on the title page 'his pupil.' Beethoven's Letters No. 37, 38, 39, 43, 45, overflow with allusions to the fact. In these letters Beethoven calls 'the Variations a masterpiece,' and the Arch-Duke 'a competitor for the laurels of fame,' 'his most gracious pupil, a favorite of the Muses,' continuing (Letter 38) thus: 'My thanks for the surprise and gracious favor (the Dedication), with which I have been honored. I scarcely dare express either by word of mouth or in writing, for I stand too low, even if I wished, or most earnestly desired it, to return like with like.'"

Hereupon, Herr von Köchel remarks:

"How can we make this phrase agree with Beethoven's republican principles as trumpeted forth by Schindler?" Well, if the question is one of explanatory art of this description, there are more 'Phrases' at our service. For instance, in the 60th Letter to the Arch-Duke, we find: 'If your Royal Highness would render me happy by a letter, I most humbly beg, etc.'"

\* Briefe Beethoven's. Herausgegeben von Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Mit einem Facsimile. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. Desunächstalg neu aufgefunden Originalbriefe Ludwig van Beethoven's an den Erzhertzog Rudolph. Herausgegeben von Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel. Wien: Beck.

and immediately afterwards:

"If your Royal Highness would have the goodness, and if it is in accordance with your position to recommend the *Mass* to Prince Anton in Dresden, so that his Majesty the King of Saxony might subscribe to it, etc."

(The work to which allusion is here made is the so-called *Grand Mass*, which Beethoven, on the advice of several persons, had offered to the Kings of France, Prussia, etc.). Referring to this same *Mass*, Beethoven speaks (Letter 61) of his "trifling talent." Still more striking is his dedication of the Ninth Symphony to the King of Prussia. The dedication commences with the words:

"Your Majesty! It is a great and happy event in my life that your Majesty should have been most graciously pleased to allow me most humbly to dedicate the present work to your gracious self."

Now, in one of the letters collected by Herr von Nohl mention is made in no very obscure terms of an Order. All this, however, and every thing similar which might with some trouble be collected, is placed in its proper light by a letter of Beethoven's to Pilat, the Editor of the *Oestreichischer Beobachter*. It is, in substance, to the following effect:—

"I should account it an honor if you would have the kindness to mention, in your so universally esteemed paper, the fact of my having been created a foreign member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music. However little vanity and ambition I may possess, it may, perhaps, be advisable not to pass over in complete silence things of this kind, since in practical life we have to live and work for others to whom they may frequently prove advantageous."

It was considerations for definite practical circumstances which induced Beethoven to enter, with more or less tact and prudence, upon connections which appear to clash with his "republican" sentiments. But Beethoven was no republican in the sense that a practical politician, like Mazzini, for instance, is. His political opinions sprang, on the one hand, from the instinctive self-esteem of genius, which acknowledges only the minds "by the grace of God," and, on the other, from idealizing notions of the world generally, notions founded upon antique models, and his own peculiar conceptions of man's dignity. It was this mode of looking at things which caused him, ill, deaf, and worried by family troubles, to write the concluding movement—when taken objectively, a great mistake, but, subjectively, highly to be valued—of the Ninth Symphony, and we find an undoubted key to it in what he says to the Arch-Duke Rudolph (Letter 66 in Köchel):—

"May Heaven bless me through your Royal Highness, and may the Lord himself be ever over and with your Royal Highness. There is nothing higher than to approach the Godhead more nearly than other men, and to spread the rays of the Godhead among mankind here below."

If, in opposition to such views from out the writer's very soul, we preferred forming our opinion from separate detached expressions of feeling—constructing the entire man out of accidental symptoms of weakness and wrongheadedness—here, as elsewhere, it would be easy to produce a repulsive and distorted caricature, even of a most noble nature. Thus, in November, 1824, Beethoven writes as follows to Schott in Mayence about the Arch-Duke:

"I am sorry to inform you that it will still be a little longer before I send off the works. There was not so very much still to look over in the copies, but, not having passed the summer here, I am obliged to give two lessons a day at his Imperial Highness's, the Arch-Duke Rudolph. This bewilders me so that I am almost incapable of anything else. And yet I cannot live on what I have to receive; my pen alone can assist me to do so. Notwithstanding this, no consideration is shown either for my health or my valuable time."

It was also to Schott that Beethoven wrote shortly afterwards (17th December, 1824):—

"The Arch-Duke did not leave here till yesterday, and I was obliged to spend much of my time with him. I am beloved and eminently esteemed by him;

but—a man cannot live on this, and the cry re-echoed from various quarters: 'He who has a lamp, pours oil in it,' has no effect here."

Now it is pretty generally known that the Arch-Duke caused the annuity settled upon Beethoven to be regularly paid, besides affording him material assistance on the dedication of different works and other occasions, while Beethoven—as is proved by his numerous letters of excuse—did not display in the matter of the lessons all the conscientiousness of a schoolmaster. But would any one be, on this account, justified in accusing Beethoven of ingratitude and calumny! The momentary ill-humor of genius is expressed very naively. Moreover, we must take into account Beethoven's deafness and other ailments, the oppression exerted by which increased a melancholy frame of mind, and, moreover, the especial care Beethoven exhibited for his giddy nephew. Isolated, and having no family of his own, Beethoven had bestowed all his personal kindness on Carl's father, and on Carl himself. For the first, according to repeated statements of his own, he had in a few years expended 10,000 florins; for the sake of the latter, he preferred contracting debts to changing one of the bank-notes lying in his desk. Numerous letters, with which the public have long been acquainted, afford, moreover, the most eloquent testimony of the great love with which he sought to conduct his nephew's education. It is true that, even in this, he committed mistakes. At any rate, it could not contribute towards the proper education of the frivolous youth that, side by side with the most admirable advice, and most touching outburst of feeling, such passages as the following should occur in the letters addressed to him:—"Write at once to say whether you have received this letter. I will send you a few lines for that Schindler, the contemptible object, as I do not want to have anything to do directly with the wretch." (Nohl, page 259—or (ibid, page 291):—"My dear Son,—So we have to-day the joiner with the old—witch—at Asiniano's house, not to forget the pictures," &c.

By "Asiniano"—or, probably, more correctly "Asinaccio"—was meant, however, Beethoven's brother, and Carl's uncle, Johann. Lastly, what might not be said of Beethoven's endless complaints of want of money, of his letters to music-publishers on the same subject, as well as of the course he took with the London Philharmonic Society? Any observations would be all the more justifiable, because it is now authentically proved that, not only from the Arch-Duke, but, after various intermediate circumstances, even after the death of Prince Kinsky, and of Prince Lobkowitz, Beethoven received, up to the day of his death, a yearly sum which would alone have sufficed for him to live comfortably and respectably! (See Köchel, page 87). Nor have there been wanting persons to take advantage of these circumstances and charge Beethoven with being swayed by an unusual love of money. Apart from the separate facts and relations which would sufficiently explain this "Interest," without our being able to discover the fundamental feeling of egotism which characterizes an "interested" sentiment—apart from this, the peculiar nature of a creative genius like Beethoven has been totally overlooked. Busied with his own thoughts, which sprang up involuntarily in his brain, sustained by the consciousness of realizing himself truly in his compositions alone, the mere idea of dependence upon others for support must have been fearful for his organization, which consumed his strength—this very contradiction, which he plainly perceived, between the natural conditions of his life and the practical requirements of a position to be obtained or duties to be fulfilled for the sake of supporting existence must have rendered him doubly anxious and doubly inclined to take a sombre view of things. This is a trait he shares with Schopenhauer, but with this difference, that the latter, who originally possessed property which made him independent, did not display any special anxiety about his pecuniary circumstances till after he had suffered a very heavy loss and age was creeping upon him. "I should inevitably starve," he said to me once in



1852, "were I to lose my property," and then proceeded to descant upon the abnormal position of those who labored for mankind. Indeed, the similarity between Beethoven and Schopenhauer, as far as regards their dispositions and characters, is rather striking. The fundamental trait of melancholy, for instance, is clearly perceptible in Beethoven as long ago as 1787, that is to say, even in his youth. For instance, he writes in the above year from Bonn to Dr. Schade at Augsburg:

"I met my mother, but in the most pitiable state of health; she was suffering from consumption, and, at last, about seven weeks since, died after having gone through a great deal of suffering and pain. She was such a good and affectionate mother to me, my best friend! Oh! who was happier than I was, while I could yet pronounce the sweet name of mother, and it could be heard, and to whom can I utter it at present? To the dumb pictures of her, which my power of imagination creates? As yet, I have enjoyed but few pleasant hours since I have been here; during the whole period, I have suffered from shortness of breath, and cannot help dreading that it will end in nothing more or less than consumption; to this is to be added melancholy, which is for me almost as great an evil as my illness itself."

The peculiar energy of will, in contradiction to what is commonplace, is, in a great degree, common to both. No less so, a certain touch of sturdy humor allied to this and bordering on contempt for the world. At the same time, the two men were alike in the matter of "Resignation." Schopenhauer read Oupnekat over night, and, in the morning, played on the flute to calm his mind. —Beethoven read Plutarch, who "taught him to be resigned." Still he was a stranger to ascetic behavior, for in the same letter in which, on the 29th June, 1800, he makes the above statement, he burst out into the words: "Resignation! what a miserable resource, and yet it is the only one left me."—And—we might add—the first movement of the Sonata in C minor, Op. 3, together with the following strain of dreamy enthusiasm, shows his mode of being resigned. The disposition, too, displayed herein is precisely the same as that which predominates in the later Quartets; the transcendental tone partially prevailing in these, must not on any account be confounded with resignation properly so-called.

But all the more sharply did the composer and thinker diverge from each other in their objective representation of life itself. Whereas, in the case of Schopenhauer, a profoundly significant general conception was followed by a series of thoughts more than compensating by their striking truths for the faults of the first sketch, Beethoven loses himself more and more in a subjective direction, less adapted than any other for expressing with full justice any general worldly subject (as he attempts to do in the Ninth Symphony and the *Grand Mass*).

It may, perhaps, interest many persons to learn that Schopenhauer himself occasionally remarked he was said outwardly to resemble Beethoven. This may have arisen from their thick-set figures and the habitual expression of their faces. The resemblance between them in details could, on the other hand, have been but very small; their hair, eyes, nose, and mouth were quite different. The energy characterizing the upper part of the nose, and the broad chin, combined with the frank expression of extraordinary force of will, were, probably, common to both. To judge by what we have heard about Beethoven's skull, there does not appear to have been any particular similarity of construction between the skulls of the two.

As we happen to be speaking of the external appearance of the two, we may mention an antipathy common to both. "I think," writes Beethoven to Dr. Braunhoffer, "that stronger medicine is at length necessary, such, however, as does not tend to constipation. I might drink white wine and water, for I shall always feel a repugnance for that mephitic beer!" Neither of them thought much of St. Gambrinus.—But whoever is fond of playing with analogies would find a very wide field afforded him by a parallel between Schopenhauer as the philosopher, and Beethoven as the composer, of the will. People usually for-

get, however, that, in such matters, the characterizing element consists not in the matter, which is more or less identical, but in the completely different form of its representation. With regard, however, to the manner in which they struggled, on the other hand, with the outward representation, both have a great deal in common. Beethoven's handwriting and Schopenhauer's handwriting present, at the first glance, a confused and intricate tangle, springing from repeated efforts to clothe the idea originally conceived in the most complete and pregnant form. Clearly as both know from the outset what they really want to say, the first expression by no means satisfies them, and it is not till much casting to and fro, much re-writing and re-moulding, that they find the expression which they consider sufficient for the perfection of the work.

To return to the Letters, it may, in conclusion, be observed that in the naïve directness with which the momentary impressions of the writers are mirrored in them, Beethoven and Schopenhauer again closely approached each other. They represent, to a certain extent, the uttermost limit—as regards sincerity—in the sentiment, which cannot be too strongly recommended especially to modern authors, of Seneca (Epist. 24): "*Turpe est aliud sentire, aliud loqui, quanto turpius, aliud scribere, aliud sentire?*"

Of the industry and conscientious care displayed by both editors, the best proof is afforded by their own introductions and remarks. What is contained therein, as well in the letters of Beethoven collected by these gentlemen, we consider it all the less our task to state, because we desire to excite the public, who already take things rather too easily, to read the Letters, and do not wish to spare them the trouble by extracting for them the most "piquant" bits.—*London Mus. World*.

#### Mendelssohn's Overture to "The Fair Melusina."

This is what Robert Schumann said of it after its first performance in Leipzig in December, 1835.

"There are works of such fine spiritual structure, that bearish criticism itself stands as it were abashed before them, scarce knowing how to make its compliments. This was already the case with the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' overture (at least I only remember to have read poetical reviews of it, and not a word of opposition); and now it is the case again with this to the story of 'The fair Melusina.'"

"To understand it, no one needs to read the long-spun, although richly imaginative tale of Tieck; it is enough to know: that the charming Melusina was violently in love with the handsome knight Lusignan, and married him upon his promising that certain days in the year he would leave her alone. One day the truth breaks upon Lusignan, that Melusina is a mermaid—half fish, half woman! The material is variously worked up, in words, as in tones. But one must not here, any more than in the overture to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' wish to trace so coarse a historical thread all through. (A curious person asked Mendelssohn once, what the overture to Melusina meant; Mendelssohn brusquely answered: 'Hm—a *mesalliance*.')—Always conceiving his subject poetically, Mendelssohn here portrays only the characters of the man and the woman, of the proud knightly Lusignan and the enticing, yielding Melusina; but it is as if the watery waves came up amid their embraces, and overwhelmed and parted them again. And this revives in every listener those pleasant images by which the youthful fancy loves to linger, those fables of the life deep down beneath the watery abyss, full of shooting fishes with golden scales, of pearls in open shells, of buried treasures, which the sea has snatched from men, of emerald castles towering one above another, &c.—This, it seems to us, is what distinguishes this overture from the earlier ones; that it narrates these kind of things quite in the manner of a story, and does not experience them. Hence at first sight the surface appears somewhat cold, dumb; but what a life and interweaving there is down below is more clearly expressed through music than through words; for which reason the overture (we confess) is far better than this description of it.

"What may he said of the musical composition after two hearings and a few chance peeps into the score, limits itself to what is understood of itself,—that it is written by a master in the handling of form

and means. The whole begins and ends with a magical wave figure, which emerges several times in the course of the piece; the effect is to transport one, as it were, suddenly out of the battle ground of violent human passions into the vast, earth-surrounding element of the water, particularly from the point where it modulates from A flat, through G, to C. The rhythm of the knight theme in F minor would gain in pride and consequence by a still slower tempo. Right tenderly and clingingly still sounds on in mind the melody in A flat, behind which we descry the head of Melusina. Of single instrumental effects we still hear the beautiful B flat of the trumpet (near the beginning), which forms the seventh to the chord, —a tone out of the primeval times."

#### Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

There may be those who do not feel its power in comparison with the more Titanic and heroic stuff of which the 3d, the 5th, the 7th and the 9th are made; it does not so sweep all away with multitudinous strong arms like a rushing torrent. But to the lover of serene, deep, heavenly beauty in a tone-poem—whether the beauty of sunshiny joy, or of the glowing inmost soul of an absorbing, pure, ideal passion, there is no Symphony more beautiful, more fraught with exquisite delight, more Raphael-like in the harmonious fusion of its elements and the divine atmosphere that trembles round them, than this in B flat. Berlioz in speaking of it hardly emphasizes enough that glowing warmth, which, with all its sunshine buoyancy, makes it as much a love poem as the "Adelaide." What he says, however, is worth translating, at least in part:

"... The character of this score is generally lively, alert, gay, or a celestial sweetness. If we except the meditative *Adagio*, which serves it for an introduction, the first movement (*Allegro vivace*) is almost entirely consecrated to joy. The motive in detached notes, with which the *Allegro* begins, is but a canvass upon which the author proceeds to spread other melodies more real, thus rendering accessory what seems at first the principal idea or theme.

"This artifice, to be sure, had been happily employed by Haydn and Mozart. But in the second part of the same *Allegro* we find a really new idea, of which the first measures captivate attention, and which, after carrying the listener away in its mysterious developments, strikes him with astonishment by its unexpected conclusion. It consists in this: After a vigorous *tutti*, the first violins take a morsel of the first theme, and play with it *pianissimo*, dialogue-wise, with the second violins, till it ends with holds upon the dominant seventh chord of the key of B natural: each of these holds is cut short by two measures of silence, only filled by a light tremolo of the tympani upon B flat (the enharmonic major third of the fundamental F sharp). This is repeated, and then the tympani are silent to let the strings softly murmur other fragments of the theme, and arrive, by a new enharmonic modulation, on the 6-4 chord of B flat. Then the drums re-enter on the same sound (which, instead of being the *sensible*, or seventh, note as before, is now a veritable tonic), and continue the tremolo for twenty measures. The force of the tonality of this B flat, scarcely perceptible at first, grows greater and greater as the tremolo prolongs itself; then the other instruments, sowing their path with little unfinished phrases, end, with the continued rumbling of the tympani, in a general *forte* where the perfect chord of B flat establishes itself with full orchestra at last in all its majesty. This astonishing *crescendo* is one of the best invented things we know in music; we only find its parallel in that which ends the *Scherzo* of the Symphony in C minor. But that, in spite of its immense effect, is conceived upon a scale less vast, setting out *piano* to arrive at the final explosion, without departing from the principal key: whereas this one which we are describing, sets out with *mezzo forte*, loses itself for an instant in a *pianissimo* beneath harmonies continually vague and undecided; then reappears with chords of a more fixed tonality, and bursts forth only at the moment when the cloud which veiled this modulation is completely dissipated. It is like a river, whose calm waters suddenly disappear, and only emerge from their subterranean bed to plunge down again, a foaming, roaring cascade.

"As for the *Adagio*, it eludes analysis. . . . It is so pure in its forms, the expression of the melody is so angelic and of such irresistible tenderness, that the prodigious art with which it is wrought, disappears completely. One is seized, from the first measure, with an emotion which at length grows overpowering by its intensity; and it is only with one of the giants of poetry that we find a point of comparison for this sublime page of the giant of music. Nothing in fact so much resembles the impression produced by this *Adagio*, as that which one experi-

ences in reading the touching episode of Francesca di Rimini, in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante.

"The *Scherzo* consists almost entirely of rhythmic phrases in two-four time, forced to enter into the combinations of three-four measure. This means, which Beethoven has frequently used, gives much nerve to the style; the melodic endings become thereby more piquant, more unexpected; besides, these rhythms *à contretemps* have in themselves a very real charm, although difficult to explain. You experience pleasure in seeing the measure, thus broken up, recover itself whole at the end of each period, and the sense of the musical discourse, for a while suspended, arrive nevertheless at a satisfactory conclusion, a complete solution. The melody of the *Trio*, confided to wind instruments, is of a delicious freshness; its movement is slower than the rest of the *Scherzo*, and its simplicity comes out all the more elegant from the opposition of the little phrases flung by the violins upon the harmony, like so many charming enticements.

"The *Finale*, gay and frisky, returns to ordinary rhythmic forms. It consists of a rustling and crackling of scintillating notes, a continual *habillage*, now and then cut short by harsh and savage chords, where those choleric starts, which we have often noticed in this *Scherzo*, manifest themselves again."

Beethoven wrote grander symphonies, but none more beautiful, more tender, delicate and passion-fraught than this. It is *warm* music; a whole rhythmic history of deep, consuming love, with its hopes and its despair, its fitful moods, its infinite longings, Platonic meditations, reveries, exquisite caprices, depths "most musical, most melancholy," and heights of rapture uncontrollable and heaven-storming. In sentiment, spirit, age, (speaking as of the heart's lifetime) it seems to class with the song *Adelaide*, and such Sonatas as the *Pathétique*, the *Mondschein*, and that entitled *Les Adieux*, *l' Absence et le Retour*. But this is the same prompting carried out on a complete scale; this is the whole dramatic poem, of which those are simply songs and sketches. Talk of learned, abstract, metaphysical German music! of Symphonies as forms remote from common sympathies! as cold affairs compared with the impassioned Italian operas that we hear! Either one only fancies that he listens to this symphony, hearing as one who hears not, deaf to sounds palpably before him, or he must recognize in it a warmth of feeling, a depth and energy of passion, an out-gushing from sweet secret springs of melody, a wealth of musical ideas, colorings and effects, and a progressive interest as of an ever deepening plot, which makes the said operas seem cold and empty in comparison.

The *Adagio*, introductory to the *Allegro*, is profoundly melancholy, full of love-sick pensiveness and tenderness. The promise is fully sustained in the impassioned outbursts of the *Allegro*. What dreams of happiness! what eager grasping for them! crossed continually on the brightest verge of triumph by the cold shadow of Fate! But the same quenchless ardor of fidelity to a deep, ideal, spiritual sentiment, which pervades the song of "Adelaide," seems to inspire this whole *Allegro*. The glees and glooms, the heaven-climbing hopes and the heart-sinkings of an immortal love, are the lights and shades that checker this exquisitely woven, warmly colored web of harmony. The uncontrollable fire and restlessness of the *Allegro* is subdued in the *Adagio* to a sweet, resigned, spiritually sustained mood of melancholy. Over a ground-work of accompaniment, in which a little sobbing phrase is continually kept up, flows the loveliest and most consoling melody; but when this melody ceases upon the ear, and lingers only in the mind, the little accompanying phrase still throbs in drum beats, like the heart palpitating a few times yet with the old habit of a sorrow that has already yielded to higher thoughts and influences. There is something so human and so heavenly in this *Adagio* that all audiences appear to feel it. This, as also the resolute, finely imaginative minuet and trio, and the rejoicing finale are equally absorbing. D.

## Music Abroad.

COLOGNE.—The following letter, dated Dec. 17, appears in the *London Orchestra*. There is, we fear, too much truth in the description of one class of "young Germany." But then there is another, truer and more German class, of whom we have lately seen and heard here a fair specimen in young Rosa.

Nothing can be more absurd and disgusting than the presumption of modern young German composers, very few excepted. The young musician who is

so happy as to hit on a strange mode of talking, or walking, or dressing, or writing, and who possesses a sufficient amount of swagger, begins first to be called "clever." As soon as he gets this title, he walks, talks, dresses, and writes himself up to a genius. He is a pianist, and by dint of promenading up and down the key-board, throwing from time to time his long hair back with a violent and inspired movement of the head; by dint of heaping up a quantity of notes, of modulating a common-place figure of three or four bars over and over again through every tonality, of using the accord of the dominant seventh as a bridge to go anywhere but never knowing how to finish, because he never knows how to begin; by dint, I say, of writing all this chaos down and scoring it in the most eccentric way, he conceives he has composed an entirely new and marvellous work. Then he gets by heart the best verses of Schiller, Goethe, and Herder, as well as the finest sentences of the renowned works on *Æsthetics*, and so boldly begins to talk about music in autocratic style, and is given to "interpret" and "define" the Beautiful in Art. By and by the arrogance of his conversation and his piano playing begin to recruit him a few admirers, composed generally of feeble-minded and inexperienced students; now he gets a friend in the press, then a publisher, and in a very few years he is proclaimed a man of genius. This dangerous generation of musicians in Germany is the result of the great influence so long exercised in this country by Liszt and Wagner. The history of humanity shows clearly enough how great men as well as great humbugs have always created new sects of admirers and imitators. But alas! imitation is the source of corruption in literature and the fine arts, and much more so in music; for the field is a wide one, belonging to the metaphysical branch, and the demonstration more infinite, not being subject to material form. So the imitators of Liszt and Wagner are nothing less than the elements of musical decline in Germany. With what a shock of disappointment a first introduction to one of these modern geniuses is attended, after one has heard and read so much about them, may be understood by the following account:

Johannes Brahms, a young composer, pupil of the departed R. Schumann and the Abbé Liszt, produced himself for the first time at the Gürzenich concert in Cologne on Tuesday last, the 12th instant, as apianist and composer. He has long enjoyed in Germany the reputation of a man of genius. I do not want to give you a description of his figure and manners; suffice it to say he is a good specimen of the category already mentioned. He first played the beautiful E flat concerto of Beethoven for piano and orchestra. His touch is hard, his execution inaccurate, he has very little expression, but affects the greatest assurance and excitement *à la Liszt*, without being a Liszt. The public were highly disappointed.

This was Herr Brahms as pianist; but now enter Herr Brahms as composer, himself leading the orchestra with calm and magisterial dignity. His *Serenade für Orchester* in D natural contains six parts; *Allegro, Scherzo, Adagio, Menuetto, Scherzo, Finale*. The music of this composition is of the most eccentric kind imaginable, utterly void of every melodic idea, and as heavy and tiresome as a long speech without form and sense can be. The last two movements being a little clearer, received some mark of approbation. As soon as the *Serenade* was over three quarters of the audience rushed out of the room. It was the finest protest I ever saw entered by an intelligent and self-respecting public against vanity and exaggeration. In consequence of this incident, the magnificent symphony of Mendelssohn (No. IV, in A natural), capably rendered by the orchestra under F. Hiller, was played to empty benches. The overture to "*Oberon*" (Weber), which began the concert, was the other instrumental piece of the programme, and splendidly executed it was. We made a new acquaintance—a very clever *cantata* by F. Hiller, called "*Pfingsten*" (Whitsuntide), for chorus and orchestra. Hiller with his pure and elevated style knows how to write good music. His melodic ideas are small, but agreeable, his harmony clear and unaffected, his scoring first-rate, and he never attempts to produce effects in spite of beauty and common sense.

A psalm, solo and chorus by Marcello, scored by the departed M. Lindpaintner, introduced for the first time Frä. Erna Borchard to the public. She is very handsome, Polish by birth, her real name being something in *sky*. I remember to have heard her sing a very common-place German *Lied* at a private party in London two seasons ago. She has a very good mezzo-soprano, but has improved her style very little indeed. After the psalm of Marcello she sang the beautiful *aria di concerto* of Beethoven "*Ah! perfido*," and she spoiled it altogether, transposing it a tone lower, and altering all the high passages. But you see ladies have such peculiar means of pushing them-

selves forward, especially if they are pretty (as generally they all are), so that Mlle. Borchard is *prima donna* at the Royal Opera House in Weimar.

I cannot pass unnoticed the second "Historical Concert" given here by the *Conjugi Marchesi* with decided success. This second programme began with Porpora and ended with Rossini, embracing the era from 1735 to 1820 and bringing out the beautiful but forgotten gems of Jomelli, Gluck, Sacchini, Cimarosa, Fioravanti, and Paisiello. I am extremely sorry that I cannot send you the account about Niemann, the celebrated German tenor, as I intended to do, but I was absent when he sang "*Tannhäuser*," and on the evening I went to hear him in "*Faust*" we were all disappointed. The *primo tenore* on coming out and seeing that the room was not quite full, *dicto facto* began to sing *sotto voce*, and after the first act obstinately refused to go on. We were sent away with our money returned, but public indignation was so great that Niemann was obliged to leave Cologne without again appearing. Thus all I can tell you is that he looks handsome and tall, but very pretensions. Mr. Mapleson has been here the last few days hearing artists and the successful opera "*Loreley*" by Max Bruch, who by the way is an exception among the young German composers, his music being full of melodies and dramatic thoughts.

The musical world in general will be happy to know that the indefatigable English Impresario has secured this beautiful opera for Her Majesty's theatre. It will be a new field of glory for Mlle. Tietjens, who fills splendidly the part of *Leonora*; and the admirers of Mendelssohn in particular may rejoice to hear that the celebrated finale of "*Loreley*," composed by the lamented genius, may be executed instead of that by Bruch. Mr. Mapleson has gone on to Hanover in search of novelties. Amongst other important engagements he has concluded one with our professor of singing at the Conservatoire, Madame Marchesi (the instructress of Tietjens, Fricci, Ilma de Murska, etc.). He has obtained permission from the authorities for her to visit England under his auspices to give instructions at Her Majesty's and elsewhere, during the months of May and June.

JENA. The concerts of the Academic Union are increasing more and more in public favor, the natural consequence of the spirit and cleverness with which they are managed. The following are the last three programmes:—Nov. 21st: Overture to *Fierabras*, Schubert; Violin Concerto (No. IX. D minor), with orchestral accompaniment, Spohr (performed by Herr Kömpel of Weimar); "*Furiantanz und Reigen seliger Geister*," from Gluck's *Orpheus*; Overture to the tragedy of *Loreley*, Emil Naumann; "*Elegy for the Violin with orchestral accompaniment*," Ernst (played by Herr Kömpel); "*Suite for Orchestra*," Op. 101, C major, Raff.—Nov. 28th: Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Schumann; "*Pianoforte Concerto*, C minor, Op. 37 (with cadences by Moscheles), Beethoven; Three Songs, "*Am Meere*," "*Der Lindenbaum*," and "*Die Post*," Schubert (arranged for male chorus and orchestra by Herr W. Tschirch of the Academic Gesangverein); Pieces for the Pianoforte, namely: Fugue in C sharp minor, Bach; and *Notturmo*, F minor, Chopin (pianist, Madlle. Mehlig); "*Aufforderung zum Tanz*," C. M. v. Weber, scored by Hector Berlioz; "*Don Juan Fantasia*," Liszt. Dec. 5th.—Symphony D minor, Op. 44, R. Volkmann; Overture and Act I. of *Alceste*, Gluck; Concerto for string-instruments, flutes, oboes, bassoons, and horns, F major, No. 111, composed in 1776, Ph. E. Bach; Songs at the Piano; "*Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt*," "*Des Mädchens Klage*," and "*Mein*," Schubert (vocalist, Madame Köster).—Herrn Cossman, Kömpel, and Lassen have given the first of a series of *Soirées for Chamber Music*, when the following works were performed,—Sonata in B flat major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte, Mendelssohn; Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, op. 23 (Kreutzer Sonata), Beethoven; *Adagio for Violoncello (from the Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 35)*, Chopin; Trio for Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte, E flat major, Schubert.

DARMSTADT. However great the success experienced by Meyerbeer's last *chef-d'œuvre* in London and Paris, it is fully equalled by that which it has achieved at Darmstadt. Not only do the good Darmstadtlers themselves flock to the theatre, but the neighboring country for miles around contributes its contingent of auditors. Visitors come even from the north of Germany, and according to some of the German papers, many persons who have seen the *mise-en-scène* at Berlin, award the palm to the mode in which the piece is put on the stage here, especially as regards the monster Ship. Intendants and Managers, Stage-Managers and Inspectors, arrive, are lost in ad-



miration, and immediately determine to have the piece got up, as far as possible, in the same manner. This, of course, brings in plenty of business to the ship-building yard, and that eminent naval architect, Herr Brand, the master-carpenter. Excursion trains are organized to wait over visitors from Mayence, and the railway officials even sell the tickets. The Grand Duke has publicly thanked the management for the mode in which everything connected with the *Africaine* has been carried out, and desired that the persons engaged in the performance should be informed how highly he is gratified with their efforts.

**MUNICH.** The reign of Wagnerism is over. The *New York Review* (always deeply interested in the movements of the musical reformer) sums up the last act as follows:

Some highly interesting and perhaps important news reaches us from Bavaria in regard to an affair to which we alluded in our last issue, namely the quarrel of Richard Wagner with the courtiers of King Ludwig II. We mentioned that Wagner had made an anonymous attack in the newspapers. This attack was directed against Mr. Pfistermeister, the Secretary of the king's cabinet, who had resisted the demands of Wagner for a great sum of money. After that article had been published, Mr. Pfistermeister and two of the ministers of the king sent in their resignation. At the same time public meetings were held by the people in the different cities of the kingdom, at which the minister's action was endorsed, and delegations were appointed to wait upon the king, and request him to discharge Wagner from service. The decision of the king seemed doubtful. But at this juncture the queen dowager and the king's uncle Carl came to Munich and brought their pressure to bear. The entire cabinet also sent a memorial to the king, and the latter was unable to resist these combined efforts, and so sent Wagner away. He announced his resolution to the ministers, saying: "I want to show my good subjects that their confidence and love are dearer to me than anything else." The clergy and the bureaucracy immediately sent a deputation to Pfistermeister and congratulated him upon his victory, and when the king entered his box at the theatre on the 9th of December (the day after Wagner's dismissal) the reactionary party and the nobility rose and cheered lustily. The king was "deeply moved." Wagner departed on the morning of the 10th accompanied by a few friends. Before his departure he was threatened with seizure of his furniture for a debt of 2800 florins. He very indignantly stepped to his strong box, paid the money, and said with a sigh: "Such things can happen in Munich only!" He went first to Berne, but intends to make Geneva his home. The king, it is said, has promised Wagner a public satisfaction. It is certainly true that Wagner has acted very foolishly towards the courtiers of King Ludwig II., and that his impetuosity and self-reliance sometimes bordered upon madness. Being a radical democrat in politics, and having fought for the red republic in Dresden on the barricades, he was no *persona grata* to the Catholic party of Bavaria, but he could have kept himself in influence and power, if he had been more circumspect and cautious, and he could have done a great deal of good in politics and art by a more diplomatic demeanor. He thought that the king, who is merely a boy, and like all kings of Bavaria, has either four or six senses, would be entirely under his power; but in this he was mistaken. He should have remembered the advice: "Do not put your trust in princes." The golden era of music, which seemed to dawn upon Munich, is, of course, no longer to be expected.

#### London.

**SIG. ARDITI'S CONCERTS.**—The "popular" feature at these entertainments is at present indisputably the "selection" from Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The "music of the Future" in the form under which it is exhibited by Signor Arditì evidently possesses charms for the ear of the many. The clever Italian has accomplished his task most judiciously. Every snatch of genuine "tune" to be found in *Tannhäuser* is pressed into his *pot-pourri*, and for the most part set off with a pomp of orchestral instrumentation not to be met with even in the score of Herr Wagner himself. Such a "gorgeous company" of horns and trumpets, trombones and ophicleides, is altogether without precedent. Fancy no less than 16 French horns—not to mention other brass instruments—in the "Chasse;" the appeal to *Tannhäuser* on behalf of Elizabeth performed (and splendidly performed by Mr. Phases) on the euphonium; and *Tannhäuser's* apostrophe to Venus dressed up for a multitude of instruments in unison—a sort of parody on the famous "*prélude à l'unisson*" to the

last act of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*! All this is done, and effectively done, and the crowded audience roars in fancied ecstasy. No harmonious noises in our remembrance come up to the more strident passages in the Wagner "selection," the climax of which is appropriately reached in the grand march and chorus at the end. Herr Wagner speaks loud enough in all conscience; but his sonority compared with that of Signor Arditì is as small beer to thunder.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Perhaps the most perfect achievement of the Crystal Palace Band, since Herr Auguste Manns "created" it, was its execution of Schumann's second (not second-best but first-best) symphony—the symphony in C major. This was at the last concert but one, another admirable feature in which was Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture. The remainder of the programme consisted, among other things, of *Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice* in A, played by Mr. H. Blagrove, with a number of vocal pieces, contributed by Mlles. Sinico and Edi, and Signor Stagno, the best of which was Annchen's second air from *Der Freischütz* (by Mlle. Sinico—viola, Mr. Stehling). There was also the new *Hymne* which M. Guonod has composed, as *offertorium*, in his Mass for St. Cecilia—for solo violin (Mr. Blagrove), with orchestra, and which we conscientiously advise M. Guonod to suppress.

At the last concert, Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* was given entire. As far as the orchestra was concerned, it was the best performance we have yet heard of this romantic and beautiful *Cantata*; the solo singers, too—Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas—were all that could be wished; but the chorus was by no means up to the mark. The *Bride of Dunkerron* has yet to be afforded a chance of appreciation through the medium of an unexceptionally good performance. Luckily it can keep. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*; a romance from *La Reine de Saba* (Mr. Cummings); a *Valse*, by Randegger (Madame Rudersdorff; M. Guonod's "Nazareth" (Mr. Thomas, with chorus); and the third and greatest overture to Beethoven's *Leonora*, completed the programme.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 30.

**THE CONCORDIA MUSICAL SOCIETY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF UNPERFORMED OR UNFAMILIAR MASTERPIECES.**—This new and already flourishing society made its profession of faith, on Thursday evening, 28th instant, through the medium of its conductor, Mr. Volckmann, who read a paper in the lower room Exeter Hall at a special rehearsal and meeting convened for the occasion. The salient points of this address were received throughout with acclamation. Amongst the most noticeable of these were the assurances that the Concordia was not in any way antagonistic to existing institutions, that it sought to widen the knowledge of great works, which the mere commercial spirit of concert-giving could never achieve, seeing that popularity, sometimes irrespective of intrinsic merit, was what the public would pay for the most readily, that the Concordia sought to be independent, self-supporting, and therefore unshackled by the slavish bonds of prejudice, that by its efforts all real lovers of music would be enabled to hear, and perform such compositions as they themselves approved, that it would ultimately occupy a paramount position in musical history, and that the names of its original members would be honored as those of amateurs of the amateurs.

**PARIS.**—The *Africaine* is now added to the revolving circle (whether it will not drop out before the rest?) which continually brings up in turn *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Favorita*, and *La Juive*.

Flotow's *Martha* (strange to say) was unknown to the Parisians until last month, when it was produced at the Lyrique. A correspondent writes:

M. Flotow—or M. de Flottow, as he is called here—has journeyed all the way from Germany to superintend the production of his opera *Martha* at the Theatre-Lyrique. Not merely to superintend his opera, however, since its production involved very serious changes which M. Carvalho would not take upon himself to see carried out without the sanction and even the presence of the composer. M. Carvalho is prone to alteration in classic operas and prompt to undertake them—witness how he has handled *Der Freischütz*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and other works of the great masters, which more conscientious and less daring managers would have shrunk from attempting. We may naturally suppose that M. Carvalho looks upon M. Flotow, or de Flottow, as a great master, and consequently he treats the work of a great master, as is his custom, as though

it stood in need of revision and amendment. Nevertheless, as M. Flotow himself approved of the alteration in *Martha*, no one has a right to find fault with the manager of the Theatre-Lyrique, nor has the public serious cause to grumble. *Martha* was a very pretty opera as it stood, and, for my own part, with all the 'improvements' accomplished and the additions made, I cannot help thinking that the general effect is not so good as it was. The score is now enlarged by the introduction of three pieces from M. Flotow's opera *L'Ame en peine*, one of them being the celebrated couplets, "Dès le matin, j'ai paré ma chaumière," with other words written by M. de St. Georges, who, by the way was the author of the ballet *Lady Henriette; ou, la Servante de Greenwich*, produced at the Opera in 1844, and which was the original of *Martha*. It is strange—not, however, altogether unaccountable—that so well informed a writer as M. Gustave Bertrand of *Le Ménestrel*, in his notice of the first performance at the Theatre-Lyrique, when narrating the origin and history of the subject, tracing the various ways in which it has been employed, should have entirely overlooked Mr. Balfe's *Maid of Honor*. Was M. Bertrand ignorant of the existence of the English work? or did he wilfully conceal it? In order to strengthen the earlier part of the opera, the "Beer Song" sung by Plunkett, has been transferred from the third to the first act, the effect of which, in my opinion, is only to weaken the third act. The grand soprano air from the *L'Ame en peine* has been interpolated merely to permit Mlle. Nilsson to triumph in her high notes, where the young Swedish songstress can triumph. Altogether I prefer the unadulterated *Martha*, which is certainly not a *chef-d'œuvre*, but is an exceedingly agreeable work, and, it may be, is destined to live longer than more lordly and profounder compositions. What the changes may effect in the attraction of the opera remains to be told. What a pity that M. Carvalho is nothing if not meddling. M. Flotow, or de Flottow, remained for the second representation, and was so satisfied with the music and the performance that he started off back to Germany. The following is the distribution of the characters in *Martha* at the Theatre-Lyrique: *Martha*, Mlle. Nilsson; *Nancy*, Mlle. Dubois; *Lionel*, M. Michot; and *Plunkett*, M. Troy. Mlle. Nilsson was encored in the "Last rose of summer," but the sentimental *cantabile* is evidently not her style. She gave some parts of the music with charming effect, and the brilliancy and purity of her high tones in the "Spinning-wheel" quartet told wonderfully well. Mlle. Dubois is not an artist of the first force, but contrived to elicit an encore in the "couplets de chasse" in the third act. Nor can I say much for M. Michot, who roared lustily when the opportunity was afforded him, and who, with forbearance, would do something. M. Troy was more to my taste in Plunkett, singing and acting like an artist, and always without a seeming endeavor to do too much. He was called on to repeat the "couplets de chasse" in the third act and the air borrowed from *L'Ame en peine*. The band and chorus were excellent, and the performance a decided success.

Madame Marie Cabel has re-appeared at the Opera-Comique in the *Ambassadrice* of Auber. She was received the first night with the most enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the theatre.

The second performance of the second series of Popular Concerts of Classical Music was given on Sunday last. The following was the selection:—Overture to *Struensee*—Meyerbeer; Symphony, No. 51—Haydn; Adagio from the Clarinet Quintet (clarinet, M. Grisez)—Mozart; Music to *Le Conte d'Egmont*—Beethoven.

The *Gazette Musicale* says: Mr. Charles Adams, "the celebrated English (American) tenor, who has created the part of Vasco de Gama with so much éclat in English," has passed the week in Paris in order to hear *L'Africaine* at the Grand Opera. He goes to Madrid, where he is called to play the part of Vasco in Italian at the royal theatre. Mme. Rose Czillag, who was supposed to have retired from the stage, has made a brilliant engagement at the same theatre. —Mario has recently appeared there in *Faust*, exciting great enthusiasm.

At a recent concert in Pesth, Carlotta Patti was called twenty times before the curtain. Afterwards, Alexandre Dumas, at his request, was presented to her, and said, among other flattering things, "You have had the greatest success which can satisfy the ambition of an artist." "But greater success than all," exclaimed Carlotta, "to have made your acquaintance, dear master." "Oh!" exclaimed Dumas, in an ecstasy of feeling, "such talent, beauty, esprit, in a single person is too much!" Upon which

he opened his arms and embraced the charming artist many times in presence of some fifty people who surrounded them. The French paper which recounts these facts also gives the couplet which Dumas wrote in Mlle. Patti's album next day. It shows that his poetry is hardly equal to his prose:

"A CARLOTTA PATTI.

"Je me plains à t'entendre, étant homme et chrétien;  
Mais si j'étais oiseau, j'en mourrais de chagrin."

A. DUMAS."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 20, 1866.

### Music in the Public Schools.

#### I.

We have spent some time during the past two months in witnessing the way in which the rudiments of vocal music are now taught in the public schools of Boston,—especially the Primary schools. We must own we had not believed that we could have become so deeply interested in things so a-b-c-denarian and processes so literal and dry. But in the first visit to a primary school in Poplar Street, during the music hours, we experienced a fresh and really delightful sensation, which we were very happy to have renewed as often as we could make it convenient. In witnessing *true* teaching, that by persons who have a genius for teaching, even of the merest alphabet and humblest motions of any art, and in seeing a room full of little children intelligently alive to it and happy in it, one unconsciously becomes a child with the rest and shares their curiosity and their surprise at the genial presentation of things which he has known too long to think at all about them, until it comes to teaching them, and then he finds how the effort to impart to others makes old things new and more significant than ever to himself.

For many years, twenty at least, has singing in a manner been taught in our schools. But the idea of the teaching has been very vague, the methods blind and groping, the teachers independent of each other, each following his own path, resulting for the most part in sleepy and mechanical routine, the time of teaching and practice very limited, the results small, the faith of the community still smaller. In all the Grammar Schools there have been semi-weekly visitations of the singing teacher, and more or less daily exercise of singing by rote. More or less pleasure has been found in it, especially where the master of the school has himself taken an interest in it. By degrees, through the urgency of zealous members of the School Committee, better teachers have been found and more effective training realized in some of the schools, and the singing at the annual school Festival by a thousand or more fresh young voices has given delightful evidence of what can be done. Yet most of that has been the result of special practice limited to the one object of the yearly exhibition. Real, consistent, unitary teaching there had scarcely been; no unity of method, text-book or of teachers. And the great difficulty has been that the teaching did not take the pupil early enough, was not pursued uninterruptedly enough upon a well graduated scale, and that the majority of teachers in the schools were not interested in the subject, not musical themselves, nor capable of co-operating with the music-teacher by representing him themselves in the intervals of his visits far-between and short.

But, more than all, the want was of a *man*, an organizing and inspiring mind, who should embody a right vital method in himself, interest master and pupil everywhere and fill them all with the spirit of teaching and of learning how to sing and something about music. Many have been tried, and finally the right man is found; a man with small pretention to musicianship, but with musical sensibility, and a singular gift for teaching the youngest children, in classes as he finds them, how to sing. It is now not much more than a year since Mr. L. W. MASON was called from the good work he was doing in Cincinnati, to introduce his system of musical instruction into the Primary Schools of Boston; and under his supervision it is already in successful operation in 185 of the 250 primary schools. During the greater part of the year his efforts have been chiefly concentrated upon certain groups of these schools, four or five, in different districts; here the virtue of the plan is tested and illustrated to the school committee and to all comers, and from these centres the example is gradually spreading through the schools.

We entered a room on the lowest floor of a primary school. Some forty children of the age of five or six years, whose faces lit up with joy at the arrival of Mr. Mason, sang first a number of little songs by rote, all in good time, and nearly all of them in tune, and with a very pleasant average of good round musical tone; their attention was called to various points of expression loud and soft, and so forth, and one after another made in a manner a critic upon the whole. These little songs and exercises form the first seventeen pages of Hohmann's "Practical Course of Singing," Part I, an excellent manual which Mr. M. has had translated from the German. Then they sang the scale, upward and downward, by the scale names: *One, two, three*, &c. and by the syllables: *Do, re, mi*, &c., answering every question that could be thought of to test their understanding of what they were doing. Then came musical notation from the black board—a few steps only, as little technical as possible, things before names, the pupils copying the notes and signs upon their slates, and naming and describing all that the teacher wrote upon the board, such as: notes, short and long; the staff, its degrees, lines and spaces; the G Cleff, and the first six sounds in the key of G written in that Cleff; and several other things, followed by other songs at the discretion of the teacher. All this is dry in the description, but it was charming in the reality, for it was real happy acquisition of knowledge and first trial of young faculties, and the dry detail taught reflected something of the glow of the young soul receiving and as it were discovering it. It was evident that these little ones understood and enjoyed each stage of the process. And thus they were unconsciously inspired with order and with rhythmical behavior at the same time.

Ascending one flight, we found a somewhat larger class of children six or six and a half years old—fourth and third classes. Here the songs in the little manual were continued by rote, and afterwards examined carefully by note: but first new characters were learned, minuter subdivisions of time, &c., and various exercises explained and sung from charts hung up before them. Now and then one little child was called to take the pointing rod and teach the lesson to the others, and by various such devices their interest and attention were thoroughly engaged. The proportion of true voices and the average of good tone were manifestly greater here than in the room be-

low. Still greater in the first and second classes (ages about seven) in the story above, where the technical course was carried forward several stages, and the song-singing even extended to singing in two parts, revealing to their fresh sense the new miracle of harmony.

And so the system is carried through the classes of the Primary school. Much is due not only to the wise and patient method of the teacher, but also to the sympathetic spirit of the man, his remarkable genius for teaching and for interesting children. But this is only the smallest portion of his work. For how shall one mind divide itself every week amongst 250 schools? The great fact is, that in each school he leaves behind him music-teachers as well as scholars. The mistresses of the primary schools become interested in such admirable teaching, and soon enlist as auxiliaries to Mr. Mason. And that too, in many instances, where they are not musical themselves. With the aid of an instrument, and their own quick intelligence, they can keep the ball in motion until he comes round again; and not seldom, when he comes, he finds that the inventiveness of these young women, trained in our Normal Schools, has worked out some portion of his method into new fineness and beauty of detail, which he is happy to adopt.

Before following the system up into the Grammar and the High Schools, we have to tell of another, closely allied, course of instruction, which in like manner has been fully tested in a few schools and is gradually finding its way into all the schools, and of another live *man* with the gift of teaching in him, who is inspiring all the teachers with his method so that they can teach it in their several class rooms in the intervals of his necessarily not very frequent visits. We allude to the exercises in the formation of the voice, the development of tone, called "Vocal Gymnastics," under the admirable direction of Mr. MUNROE. These exercises have special reference to physical health, but at the same time are forming the vocal material for all our choirs and choruses, making good readers, and revolutionizing the pinched, shallow, nasal habits of our Yankee speech. Of this next time.

### Concerts.

MESSRS. KREISSMANN AND LEONHARD gave their fifth and, we regret to say, their last *Soirée* at the Chickering hall on Saturday evening, the 6th inst. An uncommonly large audience listened with the finer sensibilities alive to every item of the following choice programme:

- 1 Sonata appassionata, op. 57. . . . . Beethoven.  
Allegro assai—Andante—Allegro.
- 2 Aria. . . . . Bach.
- 3 Last movement from Fantasia, op. 17. . . . . Schumann.
- 4 Song, "Der Erlkönig." . . . . Schubert.
- 5 Songs. . . . . R. Franz.  
a. Stille Sicherheit—b. Trübe wird's,  
c. Sonnenuntergang—d. Märlied.
- 6 Andante splanato and Polonaise, op. 53. . . . . Chopin.
- 7 Songs. . . . . R. Franz.  
a. Die Lotosblume—b. Das dunkelgrüne Laub.  
c. Schlämmerlied—d. Im Frühling.
- 8 Nocturne, op. 62, No. 1. . . . . Chopin.
- 4 b. Gavotte (B minor). . . . . Bach.

Mr. Leonhard ripens and deepens constantly in the thoughtful interpretation of the masters, the true poets of piano-forte music. There is intellectual weight and soulful fervor in his rendering of Beethoven; and he entered into all the passion, reproducing the energy and delicacy, the light and shade, of that extremely difficult Sonata in F minor, commonly called "Appassionata."

Mr. Kreissmann's voice was not so perfectly under his control as it is sometimes. The higher tones came out with difficulty, and somewhat strange in quality. This gave a bad start to the Bach aria



(from one of the Cantatas), which nevertheless captivated by the vitality and beauty of its sustained melody, and of the thoroughly loyal and artistic accompaniment by Franz, perfectly played by Mr. DRESEL. The "Erl King" also made its effect mostly by the breathless rider-like accompaniment, played with such vivid dramatic suggestion, by the same gentleman. But in the songs by Franz the singer was much happier, indeed quite himself again, and every one was charmed by them. We wish we had room to speak of each, for they are all so individual; we can only allude to one of the earliest, the most beautiful of all "Slumber Songs" ever yet composed (the English words of which were given in our last), and the "May Song," a tricky little thing in which the spirit of Goethe's "Zwischen Hecken und Dorn" is most happily caught.

We trust it will not be long before we have more concerts like these. They outweigh in real musical, poetic value a hundred of the loudly advertised entertainments on which the newspaper critics bestow their more liberal comments.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.**—The second Chamber Concert again filled the Chickering Hall. Again a very interesting programme, consisting of three large works; we could not but regret, however, that the Beethoven Quartet, op. 132, was not repeated this time, while something of the first impression still remained.

1. Quartet in E flat, Op. 44.....Mendelssohn  
Allegro, Scherzo, Adagio, Finale, Allegro con fuoco.
2. Trio in D, Op. 70.....Beethoven  
Allo. Vivace. Largo assai, Finale, Presto.
3. Grand Quintet, Op. 59, in F.....A. Rubenstein  
Introduction Lento and Allegro Moderato, Scherzo Moderato, Andante assai, Finale, Allegro non troppo. (First time.)

The Mendelssohn Quartet was a delightfully welcome revival; it tingles with fine imaginative vitality in every phrase, and was rendered with much life and delicacy, in short happily. One of the freshest and most un fading of the Mendelssohnian pictures of elfin revelry, is that Scherzo, which was keenly relished.

Beethoven's wonderful Trio in D, called, from the mystical halo of soft accompaniment which floats around the subject of the slow movement, the "Geister" Trio, was played by Mrs. FROHOCK, Messrs. SCHULTZE and WULF FRIES. It was the lady's first appearance as pianist, and it was not a little remarkable that one so distinguished as an organist could cope so successfully with so arduous a task requiring a different kind of touch. It was in the main a well-conceived, good truthful rendering, honest and consistent, with no nonsense, no false striving for effect. The execution of the first two movements especially was quite satisfactory, although without the perfect ease and elasticity, the poetic inspiration of such pianists as Dresel or Leonhard. Her perfectly modest, quiet bearing won esteem for the woman and the artist. She was of course truly supported by the other artists.

Of the Rubenstein Quintet we can only say that portions of it interested us, the first particularly; but that much of it has left little or no impression on our mind. We are inclined however, to ascribe this largely to the heat of the room, under which our musical spirits drooped before the concert was over.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—The Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have begun again (their twelfth season) with every promise of success. Other engagements have denied us the coveted pleasure of hearing the first two. But we give the programmes, which indicate a disposition to keep fully up to last year's standard, and even to improve upon it, in the quantity and quality of sterling classical matter, with just enough of light, sparkling, superficial music to reconcile the younger crowd. These were the selections on Wednesday, Jan. 10.

- Overture to Euryanthe.....Weber  
Waltz, "Rheinsagen" (first time).....Strauss  
Symphony No. 8, in F.....Beethoven  
Fantaisie for Bassoon, on Themes from "La Sonnambula".....Eltz  
Paul Eltz.

- (His first appearance as a member of the Society.)  
"Frühlings Erwachen." Song without words, C. E. Bach  
(First time.)  
Finale Second Act "Der Freischütz".....Weber  
Victoria March.....Hamm  
(First time.)

and these for Wednesday, Jan. 17.

- Concert Overture in A.....Julius Rietz  
Waltz, "Rheinsagen".....Strauss  
(First time.)  
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart  
"Frühlings Erwachen".....C. E. Bach  
Overture to Medea.....Bargiel  
(First time.)  
Finale to "Lorely".....Mendelssohn

The good influence of the "Symphony Concerts" appears already in these programmes, and in the strengthening of the string department of the little orchestra for the better rendering of the more important pieces. We think it a good plan, good for the musical culture of the people, and good artistic economy, for the Union thus to reproduce works just before given by the larger band of the Symphony Concerts, as here in the case of the *Euryanthe* overture and the Mozart Symphony. It furnishes a good review of the lesson, and helps to fasten the impression of the music. The Concert overture by Rietz is well worth retaining from the repertoire of last year; and the overture by Bargiel, one of the most noted of the new composers in Germany, gives earnest of a laudable intention in Mr. ZERRAHN and his associates to make these concerts the occasions for testing such new works and authors, about whom there may be some curiosity, leaving it to the other concerts to deal exclusively with things of unquestioned excellence. This division of labor is pretty certain to work well. We hope to be more fortunate with the rest of the Wednesday Concerts, and wish them the fullest measure of success, believing that they do good.

**MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S CLUB.** The annual vocal concert given by this club of amateurs to their invited friends has become one of the institutions, always looked forward to with a peculiar interest. This year it occurred on Monday evening, Jan. 1st, and was repeated on the 8th. The Chickering room was crowded. The choir is larger, more perfectly balanced, and in more admirable training than ever before; in truth we think we scarcely ever heard a finer ensemble than that of these forty or more well selected voices. The opening piece, a Choral by Bach, was richly sonorous, clear and even in all the parts, and set a good stamp on the thing from the beginning. The "New Year's Song" by Schumann, a lengthy composition to a long string of verses, was full of interesting bits, but seemed to us indefinite and unsatisfactory in form, without sustained inspiration or progress; not one of his stronger works. It was exceedingly well sung and well accompanied by Mr. Parker on the grand piano; the bits of solo, male and female, were really artistic. An Offertorium (*Lauda anima*), by Hauptmann, pleased as a good solid, elegant church composition. But what stole all hearts away, and had to be repeated, was the exquisite and airy rendering of the "Hunting Song" by Mendelssohn.

Gade's "Comala," subject from Ossian, sung by the Club two years ago, formed the second part of the concert. We were more impressed by its peculiar romantic beauty this time than before. The coloring and atmosphere are somewhat monotonous, to be sure, but it fastens upon you by a poetic spell, a sometime bard-like, shadowy, antique and vast. The heroic shape of Fingal stands out boldly and sublimely in the music; and most artistically and feelingly was this part rendered by Mr. WETTERBERG. The part of Comala was sung with expression and refinement, and Miss HOUTON in the part of the companion maiden entered fully into the spirit of the music. But the great impression was made by the delicacy and sweetness with which the female choruses were sung; by the grandeur of the sonorous basses and tenors in the choruses of barbs and warriors; and above all by the wild, mysterious chorus of spirits guiding the souls of the slain heroes from the battle field, and the concluding chorus of barbs and virgins.

Mr. Parker, in this quiet, sheltered way, is keeping open a clear spring of true, refreshing musical culture.

### Italian-German Opera.

The Italian Opera commonly sweeps over us like a hot, consuming Simoom every year, scorching the tender germs of more quiet, wholesome, genuine musical movements, and creating such a fashionable excitement that no other good thing can live until the storm is past. But this time, limited to two weeks, it does not seem to be doing a great deal of harm. Its flaunting and bombastic announcements ("Ensemble to be nowhere equalled in the world!") were so absurd, that musical people could laugh and go on undisturbed about their own business. The Maretzek Italian troupe is supplemented by all that holds together of Grover's German company; the latter, who do the best things, are put into the afternoon.

At this time of writing, three Italian operas have been given this week; viz. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *I Puritani*, and *Petrella's Ione*; the two former very hacknied, the latter not a thing we care to hear a second time. But for those who admire these things, it is of course all very well; the Opera is addressed to them. We heard the first half of *I Puritani*. It is good music of its kind; much of Bellini's purest melody is in it, and he had a real genius for melody; the vein is his own peculiarly, much to be admired, though

growing somewhat monotonous; in the *Sonnambula* it keeps its freshness longest. The *Puritani* music runs clear and fine, but syrupy; two hours of it must surely cloy. And the stereotyped roaring of the two basses in *Suoni la tromba* is an exercise from witnessing which we would fain be exempt for the rest of our mortal life. We thought the orchestra and chorus unusually large and good. Miss KELLOGG, in the principal rôle, sang with more voice and finished vocalism than ever, clever in all points of music and of action, bright, intelligent, and well read in her part, but lacking the charm of unconsciousness, the art to conceal art, and what is better to forget herself in art. But her effort justly won her loud and oft repeated plaudits. BELLINI is the same glorious baritone that he was, the best among the men, and made a capital Ricardo. We were much pleased, too, with the Giorgio of Sig. ANTONUCCI, one of the new comers; his bearing is natural and manly, and he sings like an artist, with a good musical bass voice. Of the new tenor, Sig. INFRE, as Lord Arthur, we got no very agreeable impression; he strains hard to bring out his tones, which sound thin at the best; but we are told that he grew in grace in the last acts of the opera. The secondary characters were filled by well-known German faces, MUELLER, REICHARDT, &c. The conductor, Sig. TORIANI, seemed to take it easily.

We heard too, (and count it rare good fortune) the Matinée of Wednesday, Boildieu's *La Dame Blanche*, by the Germans. To our taste there is more charm in this light, graceful, natural opera than in all the Italian pieces announced for this season put together. This Frenchman has caught something of Mozart's spirit; it is sincere, wholesome, happily inspired music, such as cannot lose its freshness. Simple as it seems, your ear is perpetually caught by fine traits in the orchestra or on the stage. The two trios, the great auction scene, in fact all the ensembles, are intensely interesting; the attention never flags; the excitement never is unwholesome; the feeling never overdone and sentimental; yet it is full of sentiment, as it is full of grace and humor.

Of course HABELMANN was George Brown: without him how could the play be given? The exquisite beauty and sweetness of his voice has lost nothing, while the manlier qualities have even gained; in singing, make-up, and in action it was as perfect a rendering of that difficult part as any reasonable man can care to see and hear. HERMANN, too, as the malign genius of the plot, the steward, was grandly sonorous and musical in voice, and dignified and true in action. Mme. JOHANNSEN was in good voice for her, and sang with all that truth of feeling and conception, which have ever distinguished her. Mlle. DZIUBA filled the coquettish part of the farmer's wife agreeably, though singing often out of tune; and the Herren STEINECKE and LEHMANN did their best. The chorus was capital, in naturalness of action and of grouping, as well as in singing. The orchestra was somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions, but was in the main good, and the addition of a harp, well played, helped greatly to realize and brighten up some of the finest intentions of the composer. A new figure occupied the Conductor's chair (hight NEUENDORFF, we are told), who certainly handled his forces with sure grasp and energy.

"Martha" is up for this afternoon. The most remarkable announcement of the week, perhaps the most remarkable we ever saw, is that (by request of lovers of the music of the "IMMORTAL BEETHOVEN.") of *Fidelio*, "as an Oratorio" (!) on Sunday evening. "Observe," says the inventive manager, "the Dialogue is entirely omitted; the music is given as an Oratorio, after the manner of its most frequent modern presentation" (!). This is the strangest piece of information ever vouchsafed to a musical public. Would not such a statement succeed better in Pithole City than in Boston? though possibly we do injustice to that mushroom oleaginous metropolis.

**NEXT IN ORDER.** On Monday evening a Chamber Concert, given in compliment to CARL ROSA, at Chickering's Hall. The gifted young violinist will play with OTTO DRESEL the "Kreutzer Sonata," and a Trio by Mendelssohn or Beethoven; besides the *Chaconne* by Bach, Schumann's charming *Abendlied*, &c. Mr. KREISSMANN will sing Franz songs. A room full is guaranteed by the Harvard Musical Association, in grateful return for Rosa's very important aid at the start of the Symphony Concerts.

Next Thursday, at 4 P.M., the second SYMPHONY CONCERT, with the aid of OTTO DRESEL. A glorious programme. See advertisement.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's next Concert occurs on Tuesday, Feb. 6th. The programme will contain two of the finest strings works extant, viz. Beethoven's great Quartetto, op. 132, in A minor—that which made such an impression on the audience at the first concert—and Mendelssohn's B flat Quintette. Mr. Daum will play, instead of Mr. Lang—the latter being very much engaged during the same week. Mr. Lang is reserved for the fourth concert.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.** At a meeting of the society on the evening of the 14th instant, the president, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, having been requested by vote of the board of trustees, submitted, with a few feeling remarks, the following resolutions, expressing the great loss the society have sustained in the decease of their late treasurer, MATTHEW S. PARKER, Esq. The resolutions were seconded, with some appropriate remarks, by the secretary and others, and were unanimously passed:—

Whereas, Since the last meeting of this society it has pleased Almighty God to remove from the scene of his earthly labors our friend and brother, Matthew S. Parker; therefore

*Resolved*, That we avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity, individually and personally, to record our sense of the great loss we have sustained in the death of our esteemed and venerable associate, whose many estimable qualities of mind and of character had so endeared him to all our hearts.

*Resolved*, That, while with a deep and earnest sorrow we deplore our loss, we also thank God for the long life of usefulness and honor which has just closed; a life fragrant with the memories of good deeds, beautiful in its unpretending piety, full of Christian benevolence, abounding in charity and kindness and good will towards all, a model of gentleness and purity, and, outreaching almost the utmost limit of the years that are allotted to man, patient and resigned unto the end.

*Resolved*, That as members of the Handel and Haydn Society, of which our honored brother was the last surviving original associate, and has continued now more than fifty years its firmest and most steadfast friend—holding all this while, with an interval of but two or three years, some post of honor and trust in the administration of the society's affairs—its first secretary, and for the last twenty-five years, and until his death, its trusty and devoted treasurer, we desire to express and put on record our high sense of his invaluable services in the sacred cause to whose interests we stand pledged—of the faithfulness and assiduity with which he has always discharged the official duties we have committed to his care—of the praiseworthy example he has given us in his conscientious attendance upon the oft-recurring and sometimes tedious requirements of the society's ordinary work, no less than his punctuality and constancy at their public performances, and the rich legacy he has left us in the memory of his unsullied honor and integrity and consistency of character in all the relations of life.

*Resolved*, That the secretary of the society be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, expressing to them, at the same time, our earnest sympathy with them in their affliction, and our firm assurance that the soul of our friend and brother has found, in Heaven, the reward of his Christian faith and faithfulness upon the earth.

**MOZART'S LETTERS.** We have only room now to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Hurd & Houghton of their beautiful reprint of Lady Wallace's translation of these most individual and charming letters, collected and published, many of them for the first time, by Nohl. They form two delightful volumes, and bring you very near to the real every day life of the inspired boy and man. With far less of literary culture, and in great part simply playful, to the reader of right insight they must be quite as interesting as the letters of Mendelssohn. They begin with his thirteenth year (1769) and continue into the year of his death (1791).—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., at the "old corner," have the book for sale.

**PITTSBURG, PA.** Handel's "Messiah" was performed here also, about New Year, by the Philharmonic Society. Lafayette Hall crowded; over one hundred performers; Prof. W. T. Wamelink conducting; Mr. C. C. Mellor presiding at piano. A local critic "doubts whether this great masterpiece was ever performed in a more satisfactory and artistic manner." (!) Pit-hole City possibly may beat it next year. At the next performance of the Society, Haydn's third Mass and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given.

**PHILADELPHIA.** Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is to be performed here for the first time on the 9th of February, by the Handel & Haydn Society. Mr. Rudolphsen, of Boston, will sing the part of the prophet; tenor, Mr. Simpson, of New York; soprano, Miss Alexander; contralto, Miss McCaffrey. The libretto contains not only the words, but descriptive notes upon each number of the music and a sketch of the life of the composer.

The "Germania" Afternoon Rehearsals are still popular, but cannot, it seems, yet trust an audience to swallow a Symphony whole. They play each time a single movement of one, and in this way lately Schubert's C-major Symphony has been served up by instalments.—Mr. WOLFFSOHN's Beethoven Sonata Concerts, and Mr. JARVIS's Matinées (who plays in one programme a *Faust* transcription by Liszt, a Beethoven Sonata, things by Chopin and Schumann, the *Septette Militaire* by Hummel, Mr. Schmitz, the excellent 'cellist, contributing a Romberg Concerto), are progressing very successfully by all accounts.—The Maretzke-Grover Opera has been in Philadelphia just what it is and will be here.

The friends of Mrs. VAN ZANDT will be gratified to learn that that lady has already begun a successful musical career abroad. She has received six offers of operatic engagements, and has signed a contract for six months to sing at the royal opera houses of Berlin, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Stockholm. Madame Van Zandt sings in Europe under the Italianized name of Signora Vanzini, by which she is now known to the public.—*Eve Post.*

**A QUANDARY.** Under this head the funny *Saturday Press* gives utterance and relief to a very common perplexity.

**MY DEAR PRESS:** I want to buy a piano, and, of course, refer to your advertisements to find the best.

I read of Steinway that Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk, and every other musical fellow say it is the best, and so I make up my mind to buy a Steinway; but as I look further, I find Chickering recommended by Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk, as being, by all odds, the most superior, and I conclude to patronize Chickering. My eyes wander along, and find that Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk think, after all, that Geo. Steck & Co.'s piano is the best, and still further, that Schütze & Ludloff far outstrip all others.

What am I to do? Tell me before I go mad.

HYPO.

Answer: Buy one of each—Ed.

**MARCELLO'S** "O Lord our Governor," at Trinity Church, New York. The *Weekly Review* says:

This grand old anthem has been sung several times lately, at this church, and its very effective rendering—evidently the result of diligent perseverance, and careful labor, on the part of those having the direction of the excellent choir,—makes it, aside from its intrinsic worth, a noticeable event in church music. Benedetto Marcello, the composer, was born at Venice, in 1686, of a patrician family, and is an exception to the rule that musicians are good for naught but music, for he was one of the council of the Forty, and filled various other offices of dignity and importance. He died in 1739. In 1724—26, he published his greatest work, "Estro poetico Harmonico; parafrasi sopra li primi venticinque Salmi, Poesia di G. A. Giustiani, Musica di B. Marcello de patrizi Veneti"—in 8 vols. folio. This highly sounding title was not more extravagant than the praises the work received upon its appearance. Suard likens it to almost all that is beautiful in art, and illustrates his rhapsody with classical and oriental allusions, while all the musical critics of the day find nothing to condemn in it. There is a copy of the "Salmi" in the Real Collegio di Musico at Naples, in good condition. About the middle of the last century Avison proposed, and Garth, organist at Durham, carried out an English version, from which this anthem is selected. The undertaking was not very successful, and the work, of the same size as the Italian edition, is now somewhat rare.

Mr. Diller, the organist of Trinity, certainly deserves the hearty thanks of all lovers of ecclesiastical music for his successful efforts in training his fine choir. The prominent tenor and bass parts were on the occasion referred to, well given, by Messrs. Weeks and Giles, but from its arrangement, the beauty of the anthem rests with the soprano and alto—the former, Masters Ehrlich and Toedt, the latter, Master Grandin. Ehrlich, Coker's successor, has a voice of rare sweetness, with "les larmes" in it, and a knowledge in music wonderful, considering his years. Grandin's alto is like the trumpet stop of an organ, and it rings through the church right stirringly; while Toedt sings as though a flute was speaking. Add to these, an accurate chorus, worthy of any English cathedral, and the accompaniment so deftly and exquisitely played, and surely Marcello—might well come up to hear his work, from his stately tomb under San Martino, in Venice!

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not. Song. *Edward Land.* 30

Has English and German words, and is excellent throughout, in words and music.

Nothing better. (Nichts schöneres.) Song. *R. Schumann.* 30

One of those warm-hearted German home songs, that make a German home so pleasant. The singer is one to whom "it never occurred" to think, that anything could be more beautiful, or better, in any way, than the lady who was, first, his love, then his bride, then his wife. English and German words.

Fair as a heav'nly angel. (Bella siccome un angelo.) Romance from "Crispino e la Comare." 30

One of the most pleasing songs in this clever comic opera, which is now having a great run.

From Mighty Kings. *Judas Maccabæus.* 40

A well-known powerful and brilliant air by Handel. Rather difficult to execute, but repays thorough study.

The Swallows farewell. (Abschied der Schwaben.) Duet. *Kücken.* 50

"Ah! swallows, wherefore fly away!" The shepherd's simple good-bye to the swallows, who have been circling around his flocks, as if twittering a parting word in the ears of their playfellows, the Lambs, with this simple subject there is uncommonly pretty music, and the duet is very attractive.

Flee as a bird. Song. Arranged for Guitar by *Haydn.* 40

One of the sweetest of sacred songs.

Nel sentiere di mia vita. Baritone song. *G. Rizzio.* 35

An elegant Italian song.

My boy will not come home. Song. *J. W. Turner.* 30

A simple ballad, in Mr. Turner's well-known tasteful style.

#### Instrumental.

"Crown Jewels." By *A. Baumbach.*

How so fair. From Martha. 40

Ah! dont mingle. From Sonnambula. 40

Ever of thee. 40

Shadow song. From Dinorah. 40

These are four excellent arrangements, both for learners and amateurs. Mr. Baumbach composes with facility, but yet in excellent taste, and teachers, especially, are glad to get such pieces, which are not too hard, are excellent practice, and, at the same time, good music.

Marche des Tambours. *S. Smith.* 60

A brilliant piece.

Silver spray Redowa. *E. O. Eaton.* 30

Golden ray Polka. *J. W. Turner.* 30

Les Adieux des Niedeck. Grand valse. *F. Haase.* 40

Three taking pieces by good composers.

#### Books.

Mendelssohn's Songs without words. \$4.00

Mendelssohn wrote, not for present fame, but for an enduring reputation. It so happened that he has had both, and these productions, not remarkably brilliant or taking, perhaps, at first trial, grow upon one, till we become fast friends with them, and seem, while playing, to come in closer communion with the Master's masterly thoughts.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



